THE RAPPAREE SAINT.

A FUNERAL

SERMON

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

MONSIEUR ST RUTH,

Preached at *Gallaway*, a little after the Late Fight.

By *Mac* OLERO, a Fryer of the New Order, of the *Raparees*.

To which is added

St. RUTH's Laſt SPEECH to the *Iriſh* Army.

The Text——*Dam theſe Heretick*: or, *Theſe Dam Heretick*—— (which you pleaſe.)

IT is not proper for me (*Dear Joys*) to tell you where the Text is, becauſe *Shaint Patrick* has made it a forbid to read into the *Bible*.—But it is a very good Text, for a Bible-Text, though not to make a Compare with *Shaint Patrick*'s Texts; who, you do very well know was *a true Catolick Shaint in all this Countrey*.

Dam theſe Heretick!——A very fine Text; and I am wonder, that

Shaint Patrick did not took it out of the *Bible*, with the *Purgadoree*, *Mass* and *Holy Ceremonee*, and the other all fine Things, which these Dam *Heretick* never heard of; But it was because they shou'd not be prophane it, and take ill ways, —— I don't mean, towards *Gallway* or *Limerick*; No, the Devil a bit: But I will not make no Passion upon these *Dam Hereticks*; tho' it is enough, if *Shaint Patrick* was alive, to make him in a mighty Passion with all of them every one.

I will tell you one Storee. —— There was an *Heretick* lived at home, and a *Catolick* lived over the way of this *Heretick*: Now, because this *Catolick* did lived so near this *Heretick*, the poor *Catolick* was put into Hell among the Devils, every one of them altogether —— Do ye see, (*Dear Joys*) what a very sad thing it is, to make company with one (Mark me) with one *Heretick*?

By my Shoul, (*Dear Joys*) this is very true; and, I will say one, a great deal truer. —— *Clen O pen*, the fine Lady of *Monsieur Shaint Ruth*, as she was sittting in his Tent a little before the Storming of *Athlone* by these *Dam Heretick Dogs*; I do say, (*Dear Joys*) as she was sitting in the Tent, reading upon the Life of *Shaint Patrick*, and taking a Pipe of Tobacco, she was thinking how these *Hereticks* wou'd make pals the *Shannon*; she began to pitty 'em, and said *O hone, poor Heretick*! But, by my Shoul, she had no sooner shutted her Mouths, but a *Heretick Bullet* shot it self into the bigger End of the Pipe, and run all along into her Mouth and Choaked her, for pittying the Dam *Heretick* Dogs. —— Here is the *Pipe* out of my Pocket; look here (*my Dear Joys*,) and here is the *Bullet* too! By my Shoul, they are very Holy *Reliques*, for I will tell you the Miracle: —— When first I got 'em (*by* , *and Shaint Patrick*, 'tis true she did opened her Eyes, and told me, *that she was in the* Purgadoree, for pittying the *Dam Heretick*; and bid me tell all our *Dear Catolick Joys* of it; who must every one of 'em all together, say Ten *Ave Mary*'s, and make a Kill upon *Five Hereticks*; and in the mean time, I must carry the *Bullet*, and the *Pipe*, in Pilgrimage, to lay 'em in the *Lap* of the *Blessed Lady* to hatch them in a *Relick*; And when I am return again, you shall all of you have part of these *Holy Reliques* and go to *Shaint Patrick*.

By my Shoul, (*Dear Joys*) these are great promise; and yet beside this, I will forgive your Absolution to Kill about *Five Dam Hereticks* apiece, and speake to the *Blessed Lady* my self, to make a Paper, that shall Pass

on *Shaint Patrick*, for these that Kill but *Four Dam Heretick a peice*.—— This is some great Encouragement (*Dear Joys*)——and this a *fine Sermon*; for I have been making it ever since the *Great Tin Gun* was carry against the *Dam Iniskilling-Men*, who fought like the Devil at our *Bog Trenches* and *Catolick Fortifications*.

But O *hone! O hone!* Did I make a Say of *Guns* and *Fortifications*; and not be tremble, to see the Brave *Monsieur St. Ruth* made up in his Coffin:—— There (alas!) he lies —— But yet he made a Dye in the Breast of the *Mother-Church*, and is now a huge great *Shaint*.—— He was *Sainth Ruth* before; but now he is double *Saint Ruth*, and will be put in the *Calendar* the next Year.—— Oh this *double Shaint*, by my Shoul, is very great *Shaint*, and has done great *Miracles* in *France land*; and he did one great Miracle, since he came into our Country.—— When the *Heretick* did carried the *Pouder* and *Ball* over the *Shannon*, this *Monsieur St. Ruth* did made himself so Invisible, that the *Heretick Bullet* cou'd never find him; and being thristy in that *Invisible Chace after Heretick*, he turn'd a Bog into *Bonny Clapper and Usquebaugh*, whilst *Tyrconnel* and *Sharsfield* did make more Miracles; *Tyrconnel* rais'd a new *Army* out of the *Ground*; and *Sharsfield* did make a Detatchment out of the *Garrisons* and *Castles* in the *Air*; *Brave old Catolick Boys; and fit for Service, being of those that did Kill Dam Heretick in* 44. But I know not where they are if they did not make a go *to Lynerick*, to get some Vittles—— But Courage, (*Dear Joys*!) we shall have *Vittles* and *Shuccours* too, from the *French King*, to tame these Wild *Heretick*; and in the mean time, we must every one of us altogether, make a pray to *Clen O pen*, and to this *double Shaint*, to deliver us from the dam *Saucy Heretick*—— And say,—— *Oh*—— Clen O pen, *Pray for us! O* Clen O pen, *by thy Pipe and Bullet, deliver us*—— O *double* Monsieur St. Ruth, *pray for us! By thy Miraculous Bonny-Clapper and Usquebaugh, deliver us*, Oh hone! (*Dear Joys*) What did aile these *holy Shaint* to make a dye, when they had a great very deal of *Brass Money, and power over Miracles*? Was it a *Bullet*, a dam *Heretick Bullet*? But, by my Shoul, 'tis now a Holy *Relick*, and that is another Miracle (*Dear Joys!*)

This great *Shaint* when he made his last say unto his *Shouldiers*, about their ALL *lying at the stake*, me thought he spoke like the Son of the *Blessed Virgin*, especially when did made *Arguings* about the Interest of *the*

holy

Holy Religion of Shaint Patrick, *and those Laws and Liberties be left to this Country*, to be Defended by K. *James*, and *Monsieur Shaint Ruth*, but this was not his bigest Saint-ship, no, by my Shoul, he was Shaint indeed when he did made Orders for all and every one of the *Pious Jesuits*, and Priest to forgive you all an Absolution of your Shins, if you shou'd be dyed in defence of Chreist and Shaint *Patrick*, by unlucky Heretick Bullets, or bob end of Rebellious Masket. And who can help, that this Great Shaint is deaded; but by my Shoul, he was deaded bravely, the little Bullet durst not come near him when he held up the Shinge of the Cros, and bid the Catolick Joys be Courage. It was a great Bullet that did shoot it self at him to make him a double Shaint, with his Name all over Red Letters among the rest of Shaint *Patruk*'s good Catolicks Shaints.

But to make a Say again upon this great Shaint, now lying all in his Coffin, and to think upon those other Brave Souldiers, that are all dyed with Bullets; What do you think (Dear Joy) was the Cause? By my Shoul, I will make you tell it to every of you all:——You be all too wicked (Dear Joys) and have not kept Shaint *Patrik*'s *Day*, nor Good Friday, as you shou'd; You all be Drunken upon a Good Friday; You pitty the Heretick; You Pray not for the Dead in Purgadoree; and see what come on it all.——Shaint *Patrick* is angry, and will not let you have a Pope again, to forgive you Absolutions, by the Holy Priests, and Jesuits, till you be better Catolicks. And this is the reason, that these Holy Shaints are take away from amongst all of every one of you.——O hone! O hone! (Dear Joys) you must do all the Pennance, and Pray a great very deal to the Shaints, to be better Catolicks; and then you will do Miracles amongst those Dam Heritick Dogs.

Now, to Shaint Patrick, *and every one of all the*

Blessed Shaints, &c.

FINIS.

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